

# Aretha Franklin, Killing Me Softly

Strumming my pain with his fingers  
Singing my life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song  
Killing me softly with his song  
Telling my whole life, with his words  
Killing me softly with his song

I heard he sang a good song  
I heard he had a style  
And so I came to see him and listen for a while  
And there he was this young boy  
A stranger to my eyes

Strumming my pain with his fingers  
Singing my life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song  
Killing me softly with his song  
Telling my whole life, with his words  
Killing me softly with his song

I felt all flushed with fever  
Embarrassed by the crowd  
I felt he found my letters and read each one out loud  
I prayed that he would finish  
But he just kept right on

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Singing my life with his words  
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Killing me softly with his song  
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He sang as if he knew me  
In all my dark despair  
And then he looked right through me as if I wasn't there  
And he just kept on singing  
Singing clear and strong

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